THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1847. WHOLE NO. 1364.

Original Poetry.

LINGER NOT LONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY NEMO.

Linger not long—thou who hast given
A tone of gladness to the home,
And sunbeams on the desolate heart,
Kind words, like rain on drooping flowers
Then heal them ere they wither quite.
A long, long year doth seem each day
And hope is hoarsening every more,
Thy loved one sigh no longer stay!

Have glad new faces, winning smiles,
And hearts that echo to those own,
Estranged thee from our lowly hearth?
O! hast thou quite forgotten grown
Of those who wandered with thee long?
Beneath the evening's vellum shade
And in the morning's dewy walk.
Plucked flowers from the dewy glade?

Linger not long—thy last home
When, whereso'er thou wanderest now,
It wrung beyond the deepest sorrow
Would cloth, the poor in deepest gloom
Now mourns go dismally away.
And then art absent from us still.
My friend! thou art wanted place
Within thy heart, do thrive till!

Linger not long—come back again!
And I will be the same friend I was
That binds them to some sacred spot
And that doth wreathe them with love
—And back! come back—thou wanted more
We have at hand for sun and rain
Will give a welcome kind to both,
To be as we were wont to be
Independence Day Paper, INF

THE SAILORS OF COLUMBIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY LUCY VIVID. E. SMITH.

The Sailors of Columbia,
Found none of gallant sons,
Their sturdy hearts were known to been tried
With patriotic fame,
They found them to conquer a double reign
From a citizens gain—
As I listened on harmony page
No nobler name can we see.

Their glorious deeds are their hearts
Their banner of the Free
Triumphantly floats in the breeze,
Whatever fortune be
To meekly prove to our foes
The power of its stars,
That Freedom's emblem is native home
And honorable colors!

Original Tales.

THE LEGACY, OR, TRANSPLANTING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY T. E. V. AUTHOR OF "FISH AND FISHING," &c.

"Well, mamma," exclaimed Kate Gore, "what does papa write? Has he taken a house yet?"

"No, my dear, not yet," replied Mrs. Gore; "he says he thinks perhaps it would be as well for us to defer removing until spring, which is the season, they tell him."

"What!" exclaimed both Kate and Julia, in a breath, "not spend the winter here, dear, mamma?"

The tones and looks of disappointment and dismay with which these words were uttered, were enough to shake a little as she said,

"You have passed a good many winters here before, Kate, and you seemed to find it as fine a greenable."

"Ah, that was before there was any hope or prospect of getting away. It's a different matter, now. Oh, mother, we must go," she added, entreatingly, "indeed we must—papa never knew what we can have no delightful a winter in the city!"

"Why, indeed?" ejaculated Julia, mournfully.

"Your fathers seems very positive and resolute," replied Mrs. Gore, "between the different houses he has seen, and he finds he can't get those that are suited with furniture are so high."

"Well," interrupted Kate, ready to obviate all objections, "don't take the furniture, then; we can have time enough to furnish after we get there."

"You father knows as little of those things," continued Mrs. Gore, as if Kate had not spoken, "as to rent as fair as not, to take a house without a kitchen range—and they are such conveniences, they tell me. I myself have suffered so much from the first house we ever took, which had no under cellar—All the coal had to be carried in by hand—and the improvements in the new house are, from all a remote, wonderful; they even carry the coal up stairs by machinery, and have hot and cold water all over the house, and gas—"

"It," interrupted Kate, again, "papa only gets a house in the right quarter, and I'm sure they'll be quite satisfied—a fashionable situation is every thing. A favorable component for the rent."

"Mamma," said Julia, with a bright idea, "suppose you and Kate join papa in town, then there'll be no danger of my remaining here."

"Oh, no, mother," said Kate, "I'll see that the house is in the right place then, Julia—and you, mamma, you see what has been the result of all that."

"Yes," continued Mrs. Gore, mournfully, "and I would rather choose the carpets myself, but there will be a great job though, packing up all this," and she looked around the room, added, "and so small expenses, too—"

"Oh, let us sell it all off, mamma," said both the girls, in a breath—"and every thing else, and all old things lumbering after us—their rents have been long enough—and I'm sure we'll never do in the city. So after a little more consideration, it was decided. Mrs. Gore should write to her husband and submit their plans for his approbation.

Perplexed and worried as Mr. Gore had been by all his wife's previous letters, each one full of some new inconvenience and grievance, and the last letter generally contradicting it, predecessor, Mr. Gore entered his wife's proposition with great satisfaction, indeed, it seemed to be the only practicable manner of getting rid of the annoyances that Mrs. Gore and Kate were to join him in New York.

The Gores had lived all their lives in B——, no Mr. and Mrs. Gore had settled there immediately after their marriage, and they were extremely fond of the place now, and they had been one of the most popular families in the place. The young people were fast friends, and Mr. and Mrs. Gore kind hearted and hospitable. In short it had been one of the pleasantest homes in B——.

But it was strange to see the revulsion of feeling that now took place in the popular sentiment, owing to the sudden accession of fortune which Mr. Gore had inherited from an old uncle from whom he never had expected anything. People rarely like the sudden elevation of their friends above their selves. If the Gores had been always rich, their prosperity would have been an old story—and their friends would have been not only used to it, but to all probability proud of them on that very account. But never having been accustomed to look up to them, they did not like to begin now. Moreover the Gores, who had always been very happy in, and thought themselves very fond of B——, now grew all at once discontented with the idea of leaving there any longer, and rather wondered how they had been at it so long. In short, they views regulated quite as suddenly as their fortunes—they left their sphere of action all at once very narrow, the girls were full of visions as to gaiety and fashion, and talked and dreamt of operas and fetes, and Mrs. Gore was quite as much elated, and occupied with fine houses and furniture, and began to feel very much like a person of consequence. The carpets she had been so glad to get only two years ago, she now spoke of as being "very shabby," and so many of the chairs rather queer fashioned sizes and she talked "big"—at least so the good people of B—— thought.

"Dear me—how is not large enough to hold the Gores, now!" said Mrs. Harris.

"Oh dear, no! they have grown too fine for us," replied Mrs. Curtis.

"Well, I hope they may not be disappointed," said Mrs. Harris, in a tone that intimated that she would be if they were not. "But I never saw any good come of such sudden changes."

"They always have pitied themselves upon their city connections, the Lewis's and all those people," continued Mrs. Curtis, "and now of course, they will be quite in their element. But I never saw any good come of such sudden changes."

"Well, they are going to live fashionably over there. The girls, I am told, are half wild about it."

"I dare say," replied Mrs. Harris, bitterly, "But I should think it must be a great trial to their poor mother, to leave all her old friends here. But the young people now-a-days, carry all before them," she continued, rather angrily.

"It's not much in their favor," rejoined Mrs. Curtis, "that they should be so delighted to leave the place they were born and bred in."

"No, indeed!" ejaculated Mrs. Harris, "so ungrateful. And now what will their new friends, probably to marry some fashionable good-for-nothing fortune hunters—they might better stay here."

What for, Mrs. Harris! To marry a fortune hunter weakest fashion? which was by far the greatest probability—but Mrs. Harris could not consider that the Gores would be so such great beauties—in the great metropolis. She took it for granted that they would be scarce no more noticed, as the first nobilities in the country, as they assuredly would in the great drawing rooms of their city. Mrs. Harris was aware of much consequence, it must be where there is not much of it.

People like Mrs. Harris are absolutely seen in large communities—where wealth and talent abound, as they must in great cities, nobody can be prominent—they are lost in the crowd—they are not known—and if he gets his head a little above the multitude, he finds it so far off that he wants to be taller and shoulders higher than his present, we would advise him to setting as the country—that is, if he has the means. But Mrs. Harris was not in the least cognizance on that Julia and Kate's chances against marrying "fashionable good-for-nothings," was stronger than Mrs. Harris imagined. She had been at pains to inquire why she deemed the "fashionables" so much to be "good-for-nothings" and fortune hunters," that being one of the points on which she is not to be enlightened; and there seems such number of no opportunity, and those the better class, as good neighbors, that perhaps it is as well not to disturb the pleasing illusion.

"A fine chance for Julia," said Mrs. Harris, "you are going to New York."

"Yes," she replied, "mamma and Kate are there to look out for a house—they very busily engaged in it, I dare say."

"I must next see you to pay you!" inquired Mrs. Harris, who was a lady who did not mention to ask all sorts of questions.

"Oh, no," the accommodating mortal-ness was that caused Mrs. Harris to open her eyes, for she was chagrined what the Gores' whole income had been, and what they were to have, she was not sure.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Harris, with some feeling, "but more coals," said he as he got comfortable that they were not going to leave the city.

"Oh, Mrs. Harris, you don't say so. You must be in town this fall—and I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you and the girls in town."

"Oh, Kate," said Julia, as she afterwards joined the room, "only to think of it—we are to be introduced to the opera! Mamma has promised us that if we should not have done so, we should not have done so, we should not have done so,

United States SATURDAY POST,

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1847.

TERMS.

Single copies, $2 per annum in all cases—half of each paid in advance.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. M. We would like to oblige H M but upon consideration have come to the conclusion that his stories of ghosts is rather too long to visit our paper. Some passages in the two of the stories want to us are very excellent.

FLOWERS. These are very good passages in this poem, but we think if the author had chosen a simpler rhythm, he would have succeeded better. As it is it is too defective in parts for our columns.

M. E. T. The solution is correct but we have published it from another source already.

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LITTLE ELEANOR. We hardly know what to say about Ellen's piece—having published one of the same character. We will think about it.

Communication next week.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

As the Post Office regulations relative to Drafts, has been suspended, subscribers will now be allowed to the old mode of remitting current funds direct to us. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk.

SCOTT BEFORE MEXICO.

It will be seen by the reported address which we publish in another column, that Gen. Scott is now in the city of Mexico. The Mexicans seem to have made no opposition till our troops arrived almost within sight of their capital, more than three leagues seems to have been obstinate and protracted.

After the Mexicans had been driven from their main line of intrenchments across the valley, with great slaughter, either Santa Anna, the most reliable authorities say the fault, proposed a suspension of hostilities. That the Mexicans, however, wished either by peace, or to gain time to restore the flagging courage to their troops, is shown by their having agreed to appoint commissioners to consider Mr. Trist's propositions. It, however, the commissioners should not have been able to agree upon terms, another desperate battle probably was already taken place resulting in the capture of the City of Mexico.

The New Orleans papers of the 4th contain no news received from Vera Cruz more recent than the regular reports of those harbor, have been filled with persons that peace was at hand. But, notwithstanding that there is now more ground for such a belief, than we have seen at any other time since the commencement of the war, we do not yet see any just a great deal of faith in the present cessation of hostilities.

For if we understand aright the policy of our government, the only treaty it will consent to make with Mexico, is one which will cede a large portion of Mexican territory to the United States, including at the least, the State Chihuahua and New Mexico. And how, we think, it can be expected that great obstacle to the termination of the war, lies strong in the feeling of the people of Mexico upon this point, that no cession of territory to the United States, of their boundary, has been consented unto their Constitution.

If we are correct in our views in the above extract, if Mexico is humbled by the capture of her Capital, and a peace now or hereafter is concluded upon, as well as that to which the paper is to be addressed. one, as well as that by which the people are to be subdued.

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THE AMERICAN CHARACTER.

Mr. Thompson, in one of his late lectures, in reference to the Americans, spoken as follows, in reference to their character:

"Our people have no great intellectual faculties. They are remarkably striking for quick action, but the intellect of no general excellence. They have no logic or conversation or no board associated—and such men, are the most powerful men. They have not contemplated at some future period. Twenty-five miles in hour is our suggestion of railroad speed. Men and women walk four and five miles in the day without fatigue. The Atlantic voyage is over in a week. Time must be not considering the two hemispheres. Steam navigation is the only thing we have to boast of. Earthquakes and earthquakes. A ship must be constructed to withstand the storm. The upper windows must be of such strength as to withstand the storm. The upper windows must be of such strength as to withstand the storm. The upper windows must be of such strength as to withstand the storm.

The transcendental philosophers and men of the present day have put forth a system of philosophy in the world. The age of Christianity, the Augustan Age of Adventure, when American Independence was established, when Napoleon was in his full career, when Napoleon was in his full career, when Napoleon was in his full career

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Mr C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and Wisconsin, assisted by James R. Smith, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent, E. Y. Jennings, and Frederick J. Hawes.

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THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

CHAS. S. HOWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do do for New York State.

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May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depot of
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General News.

ELECTION ANECDOTE.

A London letter in the Journal of Commerce relates the following anecdote:—

"The Irish elections have been true to their well-known characteristics. The city of Dublin [illegible]

IMPORTANT DECISION.

[illegible]

DIFFERENCE OF TIME.

[illegible]

ARMY MEDICAL BOARD.

[illegible]

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

[illegible]

THE POTATOES.

[illegible]

A QUICK WITTED MAN.

[illegible]

A GREAT SHOW.

[illegible]

TRANSMISSION OF FUNDS.

[illegible]

REINFORCEMENTS.

[illegible]

THE PLAINFIELD BANK.

The receivers publish a statement that in consequence of M. Y. Beach & Son having presented a claim to a large amount, and made a demand on the receivers for all the assets and securities which had been delivered up to them, the settlement of the affairs of the Bank will be delayed and embarrassed, and will render an early dividend unadvisable.

SPECULATION.

It is stated on good authority, that one of the London houses which failed recently, made *eighty thousand pounds* at the commencement of the season, by their successful dealings in Indian Corn! All this has been lost, and their capital besides, by an erroneous calculation of the fluctuation of the market and the state of the weather.

The Essayist.

LANGUAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is not a school Miss, who, when first put to learn French, or some other fashionable foreign idiom, has not complained of the unreasonable manner of writing and pronouncing it. There is [illegible] water; *bateaux*, boats; *chateaux*, castles: why so many letters to give you the pronunciation of one, namely, *o*? these words are pronounced *o*, *bato*, *shato*. These appear to her extremely difficult, although she has occasionally met the word [illegible], which she pronounced correctly [illegible]. And then, why so many silent letters, why is *est*, is, pronounced [illegible], was, pronounced [illegible], were, pronounced in the same manner [illegible], twenty, pronounced [illegible] and [illegible], anger, [illegible]. But this is not all; other words have sounds totally different from what the letters indicate; as, for example, [illegible], who, pronounced [illegible]

[illegible]

Items of News.

[illegible]

CONSOLIDATION OF DISEASES.—The New Orleans National has been informed by an eminent physician, that the present epidemic appears to be an amalgamation of three diseases—the *vomito*, of Vera Cruz, the ship fever, of Europe, and the yellow fever, of the South.

QUITE TRUE.—The Northampton Gazette says: "The idea, quite common among pious young men, that they cannot fulfil their missions of good to mankind without getting into the pulpit, has filled the sacred desk with a great many poor preachers."

LARGE YIELD.—George Davidson, of Lyndon, Cattaraugus County, New York, produced, two years ago, from 7½ acres of land, 535 bushels of oats, each bushel weighing four pounds over the standard weight of thirty-six pounds each.

GOOD STOCK.—The New York and Buffalo Telegraph Company, the Albany Journal says, has declared a dividend of 4 per cent. This is the second dividend which this Company has declared within the year.

HEMP.—A lot of hemp, about twenty-five tons, was purchased in St. Louis, on the 30th ult., for Montreal, Canada. It goes by the way of the Ohio to Cleveland, from thence to Kingston, &c.

JENNY LIND POTATOES.—A new kind of potatoes called Jenny Lind, with blue eyes, have been introduced into the English markets; they sold for 10s. per acre.

RIGHT.—A Peach Festival was given by the New York Alms House Commissioners on Tuesday week to the thousand children in the Alms House.

WOOL.—The Peoria, Illinois, papers state, that sixty thousand pounds of wool have been shipped from that place the past season.

Political Intelligence.

NATIVE AMERICAN CONVENTION.

[illegible]

NOMINATIONS.

[illegible]

Clippings.

[illegible]

☞ The ten hour system is about to go into operation in New Hampshire. It takes effect on the 15th of this month.

☞ The Savannah Republican [illegible] that new rice, of this year's crop, is beginning to come in at that place.

☞ There has been a run upon the Chemical Bank, in New York city. Plenty of specie so far.

☞ Rev. Henry Giles is preparing a series of lectures on Don Quixote, for the ensuing winter.

☞ There are two thousand three hundred and sixty draymen in the city of New York.

Varieties.

LOVE IN THE BOWERY.

The following verses from a New York paper, purporting to be from "one of the b'hoys," are admirably hit off. The "b'hoy's" allusion to his favorite engine, number nine, to his gaudily embroidered braces, his lustrous silk hat, and to the well known "hey! hey!" of his class when at the theatre, proves him to be truly "one of them."

I.

[illegible] on the sidewalk
When I run with number [illegible]
My eyes [illegible] sought out hers—
And hers was fixed on mine
She waved her pocket-handkerchief
As we went rushin' by
[illegible] that ever killed in York
Was happier than I
[illegible] that I had done it
And what had won her smile
[illegible] them embroidered braces
And that 'ere [illegible]

[illegible]

AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.

[illegible]

JENNY LIND.

[illegible]

THE RULING IDEA.

[illegible]

Casualties.

THREE CHILDREN BURNED.

A dreadful accident occurred at Claysville, Va., on the 2nd ult., by which the children of Mr. Isaac Bosely were burned to death. The Romney Intelligencer gives the following particulars:

Mr. Bosley and wife left home on that day for some purpose, leaving at their home their three little children, the eldest being only about four or five years old, and the youngest an infant, all of whom being asleep, the parents previous to their departure making fast the doors that they might not be interrupted during their absence. The house took fire, originating, as is supposed, in the chimney, and communicating immediately to the house, and there being no person near enough to give an alarm, the house and the three little children were soon destroyed. The parents did not arrive until the little beings were broiling beneath the scorching flames, and too late to render any assistance to them.

SORROWFUL.

We learn from the Easton (Md.) Star, that an interesting little boy, near five years old, the son of Dr. James Dawson, of Bayside, met with a painful death, by accidentally falling into a large pot of boiling soap, on Saturday last. He lingered in great agony for about ten hours.

☞ The Wheeling Times says that a son of Bishop Alexander Campbell, of Bethany, Va., was drowned on Saturday last, in Buffalo Creek.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, Sept. 11, 1847.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market has again continued inactive, and prices have declined fully [illegible] since our last weekly review. Sales of superior [illegible]

[illegible]

SALES OF STOCKS.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, SEPT. 11.

[illegible]

BALTIMORE TOBACCO MARKET.

The Baltimore Patriot says:—We can find no particular change or interest in the Tobacco market during the past week, except in wrappery, which has fallen off a few dollars in price. Other kinds remain without change, with few transactions, except in common and inferior kinds. The receipts from Ohio, as noticed last week, continue to be composed of more common than for some time past, which meets with slow sale. We quote as last week, viz: Maryland $2 to 3 for inferior and common; $3a7.50 for good common; $8a9 for good; $8a20 for fine and better qualities; Ohio common $2.50a7.50; good common $7.50a[illegible]; reds $4a10; fine wrappery red $14a20; spangled $[illegible]a10; yellow $8a13. The inspections are 200 hhds.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 3d to the 11th September.

September 3, received from

Mrs. M. A. Flack	$2 00	S. L. Jordan	8 00
S. Morton	2 00	R. Homan	2 00
C. W. James	70 00	Robinson, Parsons & Co.	8 00
D. W. Huntington & Co.	2 00	T. S. Dawson	6 00
A. D. Hutton	8 00	Miss N. C. [illegible]	2 00
Miss J. M. Hutton	5 00	C. W. Zell	2 00
R. W. Robbins	2 00	A. B. Rice	2 00
T. Snowden	2 00	D. C. Peters	2 00
Sarah Dick	2 00	C. S. Rhodes	2 00
C. Thompson	2 00	Mrs. M. Shepard	1 00

September 5

R. L. Gurley	2 00	C. B. Gross	2 00
L. A. Cramer	2 00	S. R. Elmer	3 00
W. H. McClyment	2 00	A. C. Dale	3 00
D. S. Wells	5 00	M. A. D. [illegible]	2 00
W. De Pew	5 00	R. S. Richards	2 00
I. Kerr	1 00	B. W. Lamley	2 00
P. B. McClutcheon	2 00	C. K. [illegible]	1 00
S. C. Jordan & Co.	20 00	R. L. [illegible]	2 00
Miss N. S. Lewis	2 00	D. W. [illegible]	2 00
Mrs. P. D. Moore	2 00	D. A. Fowler	2 00
O. S. Phillips	2 00		

September [illegible]

C. A. McCarrell	2 00	[illegible]	2 00
A. Shaw	5 00	[illegible]	2 00
W. Miller	[illegible]	[illegible]	2 00
J. Taney	40	R. J. M. [illegible]	2 00
S. Mayberry	1 00	C. S. [illegible]	2 00
S. W. Jackson	10 00	[illegible]	1 00
I. T. Raymond	[illegible]	S. Baker	2 00
[illegible]	[illegible]	Mrs. S. [illegible]	2 00
W. B. Taylor	[illegible]	Mrs. L. A. [illegible]	2 00

[illegible]

TYPE FOR SALE.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

August, 1847.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
18 Saturday,	5 54	6 6	8 25	
19 Sunday,	5 55	6 5	9 32	D. H. M.
20 Monday,	5 56	6 4	11 9	
21 Tuesday,	5 57	6 3	morn	
22 Wednesday,	5 59	6 1	12 13	Last 4 3 44
23 Thursday,	6 0	6 0	1 3	New 9 10 17
24 Friday,	6 1	5 59	1 27	First 17 1 51
25 Saturday,	6 3	5 57	2 30	Full 24 8 35

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		9 o'clock	12 o'clock	3 o'clock
Sept.	5	80	85	87
	6	75	78	80
	7	69	75	78
	8	77	81	83
	9	78	83	84
	10	61	67	71
	11	64	67	67

Married.

On the [illegible] inst. by the Rev. Dr. Newton, JOHN FAR[illegible], Esq. of Mauch Chunk, Carbon county, Pa., to Miss ANNA [illegible], daughter of the late Robert De[illegible], of this city.

On the 9th inst. by Ald. Elkinton, MOSES BROWN, to ANNA MATILDA [illegible], all of this city.

On the 13th of July last, by the Rev. Matthew Semn, Mr. JAMES M. BOOTH, to Miss MARY ANN [illegible], all of Philadelphia.

In this city, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Kennedy, Mr. G. R. PAYNE, of Albany, New York, to Miss MARY E. [illegible], of Wilmington, Del.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. J. F. Berg, Mr. JOSEPH MCCLOSKEY, of Philadelphia, to CATHARINE, daughter of the late Benjamin Levering, Esq. of Roxborough, Pa.

In New York, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. M. Cary, ARTHUR L. BAFF, of Newark, N. J., formerly of this city, to SARAH, daughter of Dr. Samuel M. Elliott, of New York.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, WM. H. KEE, to ELLEN D., daughter of the late George Parkinson, all of this city.

At Georgetown, D. C., on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Balch, WILLIAM B. HUBBELL, Esq. of this city, to ELIZA JANE, daughter of James C. Wilson, Esq. of the former place.

In the city of Lancaster, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. J. J. Strine, Mr. JOHN [illegible], to Miss SARAH KUGLER, both of Great Valley, Chester county.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. Robert Adair, Mr. [illegible]

[illegible]

Died.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR OCTOBER, 1847.—12 EXTRA PAGES.

Commencement of a New Novel by Miss Leslie.

AMELIA; OR, A YOUNG LADY'S VICISSITUDES.

A New Novel by Miss Leslie.

We commence in this number of Godey's Lady's Book a New Novel, by the most celebrated and popular authoress in America, whose writings appear in no other work. "Amelia, or a Young Lady's Vicissitudes," will commend itself to every reader. There is no writer in the country so much appreciated as this lady; her descriptive and humorous powers are well known to the readers of "Godey," by her "Uncle Philip," "Mrs. Washington Potts," "The Van Leers," "Mr. Smith," "Kitty's Relations," "The Family that did not Take Boarders," etc.

This novel will be given extra, and not interfere with the usual variety of the Book, which will contain, as usual, the best productions from the pens of the most able authors. If there was anything wanting to make the Lady's Book the most desirable work of the day, our readers now have it in this new novel.

GRACE GREENWOOD. This celebrated writer will be a constant correspondent next year.

This No. besides the contribution of Miss Leslie, contains articles from N. P. Willis, W. Gilmore Simms, T. S. Arthur, H. T. Tuckerman, Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, Mrs. Hall, Miss Woodbridge, and others. Two beautiful engravings. A double Fashion Plate—Music printed separately in a novel style—besides other useful embellishments, Twenty-four in all, more than are contained in all the other monthly Magazines together.

TERMS.

1 year, in advance,	$3
2 years, "	5
2 copies one year,	5

Address L. A. GODEY, Philadelphia.

sep 18-3t

FEVER AND AGUE.—JAYNE'S AGUE PILLS are sold under a GUARANTEE that one bottle of them will cure one person of Fever and Ague or Chills and Fever, and in all cases if they should fail to cure, the money will be returned. But they never have failed yet, nor will they fail one time in a thousand cases.

Messrs. A. K. Philleo & Co. says:—Camden Mills, Ill. We are much pleased with your medicines, and know that they are both good and popular. We regret you did not send us more of the AGUE PILLS, as there is a great demand for them, and they have always been successful in curing Fever and Ague.

H. J. Bostick, Esq., Drayton, Georgia, says:—Nov. 19th, 1846—Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir—My sales of your preparations have exceeded my expectations. Your [illegible]

[illegible]

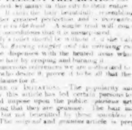
PHILADELPHIA COLLEGE OF MEDICINE.

[illegible]

BOY'S SELECT SCHOOL.

[illegible]

DR. KOBB'S BRAZILIAN



HAIR CURLING LIQUID.

THIS ELEGANT PREPARATION [illegible]

[illegible]

PETERSON'S PERIODICAL ESTABLISHMENT.

[illegible]

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

TO A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN AFTER A "LECTURE."

[We do not often publish pieces, the moral of which we cannot entirely approve; but really the poetry of the following is so exquisite, that it must be our justification. It is the very language of young, idolatrous love.]

Oh, siren, yet lovely monstress!
Those eyes should be of colder hue,
And on thy neck a paler tress
Should toy among those veins of blue!
For them set to thy mission true—
An angel clad in human grace—
But sinners sometimes have such eyes,
And bend for love such tresses, too;
And, while thou talk'st to me of heaven,
I ugh that thou hast not a sin to be forgiven!

Night comes with less upon the breeze,
And the calm clock strikes, softly, "ten."
I must to bed, for then
I know that then set on thy kisses—
And, at that hour, where'er thou be,
Ascends to heaven a prayer for me!
My heart drops to its branded knee—
The north upon my lip is frozen—
Yet, as a thought of heaven would come,
There glides, before it, one of these—
Then, in thy white dress, kneeling there—
I see I could leave heaven to see close at thy prayer!

I follow, up the sacred aisle,
Thy light steps on the Sabbath day,
And—as perhaps, thou pray'st the while—
My light thoughts pass away!
As swells in air the holy hymn,
My lonely course thick, me eyes are dim,
And through my tears I pray!
I do not think my heart is stone—
But, while for heaven it beats alone—
In heaven would willing say—
One rustle of thy satin-white gown
Sends all my thoughts astray.
The preaching done upon we rise—
What "in the better world" when thy dark eyes are here!

Yet pity! my years have been but few—
And many a wile the tempter weaves,
And many a saint the sinner grieves
Ere Mercy longs him all through!
But oh, when Mercy sits serene
And shrives to bed he not,
Pray, that the cloud which rises between
May lose remember thee!
That the world that would me now beguile,
Than all its rouse with thy smile!
An heaven were well to be!
But—to decree that blessed sleep—
Oh, lady! the days and nights must have gone before!

THE BROTHERS.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

We are but two—the others sleep
Through death's unclouded night;
We are but two—Oh! let us keep
The link that binds us bright!

Heart leaps to heart—the sacred bond
That warms us in the same;
That good old man—his honest blood
Alike we trail—claim.

We in one mother's arms were looked—
Long be her love repaid!
In the same cradle we were rocked,
Retail the same hearth we played.

Our locks are sparse from all the same,
Each little joy and woe
Let unshaded keep alive the flame
Let up to long ago.

We are but two—be that tie bind
To hold us till we die.
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,
Till side by side we lie.

Humorous Sketch.

PUTTING A MAN IN A PINT BOTTLE.

The spirit of the Times contains a letter from Beatings Sprague, which details a funny joke put upon a green hunt by the Magician Alexander. It appears that Alexander, to amuse his neighbors at the table, is in the habit of playing many trifling tricks, such as making their bread disappear, swallowing his knife and fork, squeezing wine out of an old half-smoked segar, &c., which so astonished a young man at his side that he became a little alarmed. The Magician told him that these tricks were nothing, and that if he would make it an object, he would bet him that he could put, also, a live coal down a cat's throat. The young man, opening his mouth and eyes simultaneously, said—

"Without hurting me or cutting me up?"

"Yes," says Alexander. At which an older man opposite said that he didn't believe he could do it, and would bet him so.

"Done," says Alexander, "and after dinner I will undertake it."

You could readily imagine that Herr noted this person a grudge, for having called him a humbug, and now was his opportunity for repaying him. Consequently, dinner being over, he inherited one of his jokes, and requested my assistance, as well as that of a doctor and lawyer, in case their services should be required.

These latter were soon found, and with these other friends of the Magician's, we proceeded to the reality which had been procured for the purpose, and these shall ourselves on, waiting for the appearance of our subject, who alas! could not be found. One of the party suggested that the gentleman himself (whom we shall call Mr. Verdant,) who doubted Alexander's ability to do the thing, should take his place—who, consenting, an objection was made by one of Alexander's friends, that the gentleman was much larger than the one in whom the bet was made, and he would not consent, at which the lawyer proposed that a pint bottle be substituted for a quart bottle—to which all agreeing, and the terms of the bet being duly recapitulated, the party with the Colonel's permission for appearances by ordering a quart bottle, hammer, pair of pincers, and a chemical furnace.

At the sound of the order, if you could have seen the expression of the victim's face, you would have died with laughter. Whereas it were nearly expiring from being obliged to suppress all risibility, as the operator said he could do nothing without there was a perfect stillness. The instruments being procured, the next order was for the gentleman to take off his coat, then his vest, cravat, pantaloons, boots, and when he was requested to take off his last remaining garment, he hesitated, and I thought myself a goner. However, saying that he was in for it, and would go through with it, of all hazards, finally stripped to the buff. Here was a scene for a Hogarth, could I but describe it—see of it. Picture, in your imagination, a stable, segar, dressy, old, dandified gentleman, in the inconvenience of the dress and wisdom which were used for the sake of privacy, in the centre of which is seated a similar figure clad in short tail, entered into this breathing world, with a quart bottle before him, on which his eyes momentarily cast down he can take them from the operator. In front of the bottle the Magician is walking to and fro, with the huge pincers in his hand, muttering in hideous voice incantations, while the fumes of a water, the magic circle around them. An hostler or looking door denies a lazy, yelping cur, who is looking through another, both, apparently as much terrified as the victim at the mysterious stranger, whose dog-barking hom to his paces up and down the floor, gives additional effect to the scene. Picture this to yourself, and then, if you can, the expression of Mr. Verdant's face, as he follows with his eyes the Conjurer, glancing from him to the bottle, and then to the pincers, which soon formidable enough in the hands of a man whom you are conscious owes you a grudge, and you may then have a slight idea of the scene I then witnessed.

The subject at last begin to get impatient and shake a little from the bare feet, and asked how generator how long he intended to keep him there?

"Read the bet," says Mr. Alexander, to the lawyer.

Reads—"I, Herr Alexander, agree to put Mr. Verdant into a quart bottle, skin and bones, or no end &c."

"Is that correct, Mr. Verdant?"

"It is," replied the victim.

"Well, then, as the time is not specified, it will keep me at least one hour and forty-five minutes, and as I have not performed the operation for the last two years, it will require that time to compose my hands and arrange my accessories."

At this announcement, up jumps the naked figure like a shot, saying that he'll be hanged if he runs the risk of catching his death of cold for $5 or $500, and forthwith proceeds to dress himself.

At this we could contain ourselves no longer, and some of the party roared, while the lawyer and doctor tried to compromise the matter and get the Magician to perform it without loss of hour. But no one, he said it was impossible, and called upon the umpires to decide who had won. They, like modern Solomons, gave a most righteous decision viz: that in consideration of the delicate constitution of the subject, as his health might have been seriously injured by the exposure, he was somewhat justified in not submitting further, but not sufficiently to annul the bet; and as the other party had not accomplished what he agreed to do, we conscientiously think and hereby recommend that the Magician is the said sum of fifty dollars should be appropriated for champagne, to be drank this evening at 10½ o'clock, by all present. To which, of course, we all consented, the Magician and his subject shaking hands as a token of agreement.

Thus ended the most laughable and ludicrous practical joke it was ever my fortune to witness.

Selected Articles.

MEXICAN WEALTH.

FROM THE TRAVELS OF HUMBOLDT.

This traveller affirms that the riches of Mexico are infinitely superior to those of Peru. I know of no Peruvian family, says he, in the possession of a fixed and certain revenue of 150,000 francs ($28,000)—but in Mexico there are individuals who possess the mines, and whose revenue amounts to a million of francs ($200,000.) The family of the Count de la Valenciana possesses alone, on the ridge of the Andes, a property worth 25,000,000 of francs, ($5,000,000,) without including the mine of Valenciana, which yields one year with another, a net revenue of 1,500,000 livres ($240,000.)

The Count de Regla built at his own expense two vessels of the largest size, worth $600,000, and presented them to the King of Spain.

The family of Fagoaga, well known for its benevolence, which, in 1786, founded a royal college, exhibits the example of the greatest wealth which was ever derived from a mine. A single vein which the Marquis of Fagoaga possesses in the district of Sombrerdado, left in five or six months, all charges deducted, a nett profit of $1,000,000.

The European world will be still more astonished, when I inform him of the extraordinary fact, that this family lost about the year 1809, a sum of more than three millions and a half of francs, ($700,000) without interest, to a friend whose fortune they believed would be made by it in a solid manner.

The mines (says Humboldt) have undoubtedly been the chief sources of the general wealth of Mexico; but there is also a considerable number of rich families who have never had the title of nobility. Such are the descendants of Cortez, of many of the sovereign princes of Germany. For example—

The Archbishop of Mexico receives annually	$130,000
The Bishop of Puebla,	120,000
of Valladolid,	100,000
of Guadalaxara,	90,000
of Durango,	52,000
of Monterey,	40,000
of Yucatan,	30,000
of Sonora,	20,000
of Nuevo,	6,000

Making the enormous sum of $759,000 annually divided among eight clergymen! In a country almost sufficient to defray the expenses of the civil government of the United States.

But it is in Mexico, as everywhere else, the inordinate wealth of a few makes the inordinate poverty of many. The great body of the people (says Humboldt) are suffering for necessaries, while the nobles and great clergy are wallowing in luxuries on the estates. In the metropolitan city which contains 80,000 inhabitants, you may see 20,000 poor wretches, like the Lazzaroni of Naples, sleeping in the open air, and spending for their bread upon the bounty of the passenger.

NOTICTION.

The Journal of Commerce, under this caption, dates the following, circumstance which would be better for society if it were the only instance of deliberate homicide from the same cause:

Not a very long time ago, one of the most eloquent divines of Great Britain, occupying one of the most important pulpits of the kingdom, became so much affected by the use of intoxicating liquors, that he was summoned to give an account of himself. He could not bear, he said, to stand a trial on such a charge, before more whom only superiority ever him remained in the possession of harder heads. Which could endure potions that overthrew them. He accordingly left his high position, and under an assumed name, took passage in the steerage of a ship bound to New York. Here he obtained employment to tend the cattle on board, and followed this occupation for the passage. Upon his arrival among strangers, he found himself without money, without friends, without employment, without character to recommend him, and without the means of obtaining food. He was, in short, in a state of destitution, and, in the course of a few days, he was found dead in the street, from the effects of starvation.

Our Picture Gallery.

THE ENGLISH GYPSIES.

[The following account of this singular tribe of people, is from an English publication. The engraving is a copy of one called "The Fortune Teller," by Sir Joshua Reynolds.]

The traveller who, with poetic fancies respecting the American Indians, first sees one wrapped up in his blanket in a log-hut tavern, can scarcely be more disappointed and mortified than the writer when he first saw a gypsy encampment. Acquainted with the established fact that the English gypsies are a portion of that Asiatic horde which first visited Europe about four centuries ago, and familiar with their appearance from some of the numerous descriptions that have been published, we have given of them, he had fancied that there would be at least picturesque witnesses in the aspect of a gypsy encampment. But, as he drew near, and looked back to the appearance of the encampment allotted to—we neither can a "gypsy-tribe common," but on the skirts of a wood, but on the sea-shore at a late, which could scarcely be termed "bushy." The grass grew and looked like dry-grass, the men, all scowling aspect, the women seemed weather-beaten and miserable. They had, however, all the means and well-known gypsy peculiarities. They asses cropped the scanty herbage;

A Little
Sleep between two poles, upon a stick
Transverse.

was suspended over a fire; and from amongst the group there stepped out a young girl, whose size, set and not unhandsome figure, brilliant dark eye and

Tawny skin.

The tattoos of the profligate sea-coast

prehistined her at once one of that tribe, of whom Robert Heber said, when he met with another encampment in India, that they are "a race that no man can mistake, meet them where he may."

But if as in Mexico, as everywhere else, the inordinate wealth of a few makes the inordinate poverty of many. The great body of the people (says Humboldt) are suffering for necessaries, while the nobles and great clergy are wallowing in luxuries on the estates. In the metropolitan city which contains 80,000 inhabitants, you may see 20,000 poor wretches, like the Lazzaroni of Naples, sleeping in the open air, and spending for their bread upon the bounty of the passenger.

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RESUSCITATION OF THE DROWNED.

Deaths by drowning are very frequent, many times from the inability of those who attempt the means of restoring suspended animation. Life is not extinct—the vital spark is not entirely gone—in the body, and only needs the proper restitution to set it in active motion again. Dr. Mott, of the Massachusetts Medical Society, gives the following directions:—As soon as the body is removed from the water press the chest suddenly and forcibly downwards and backwards, so as to completely expel the air from the lungs. Repeat this without intermission until a pair of common bellows can be procured, or when obtained, introduce the pipe of the bellows into the nostril nearest, and most free from obstruction, and blow the air into the lungs, at the same time closing the nostril into which the pipe is introduced, and the mouth of the patient. Continue this an hour at least, unless signs of returning animation appear, such as warmth of the body in warm blankets, and place it near the fire and endeavor to preserve the natural warmth, as well as to support and rouse the vital powers. Every thing, however, is secondary to suffering the lungs to be inflated with fresh air, and this should on all occasions until respiration shall be in some degree established.

"HER EYE'S DARK CHARM 'TWERE VAIN TO TELL."

The Lady of the Haven—[another] gracefully on a Turkish Persian carpet with the soft pillows cushions—is as rich a picture as ordinarily ever gazed on. Her eyes, if not as dangerous to the peace of mankind as the Lady of the Haven, are of intellect, genuine thought, a beauty in them, are nevertheless, perfect in their kind and at least as expressive as the woman. Her hair, not quite so full of lustre, yet very luxuriant, and, yet as to the shape of the animal, and the beauty of the mass of the gazelle's. The face is delicately oval, with a rich color in the cheek, and a mouth of the most becoming head-dress in the world—the long, black silken tresses are braided from the forehead, and hang loosely down the back and neck—falling behind in a glossy cataract, that operates with such golden drops as might have glittered in the hair of Danae, when she received the golden tissue of pink or pale blue stripe is covered with a white silk crape or gauze, which is fastened in front underneath by the delicately-tapered little hand, that perpendicularly frees between the full silken trousers.—[Corsair.

INDIAN NOTIONS.

Among the Chippewas, a covering of cedar bark is quite generally used for the roofs of wigwams. This is cool-shaped, and the whole structure looks slightly like a house in miniature. It has gable ends, and a door in front. The bark is put on in one operation at such a comparatively moderate expense, that the Indians are not obliged to be the proprietors of lightning-conductors but not believe this have used more as a public than a private. Their notions upon these matters are peculiar. They have no objection to the thunder and lightning, but they consider them under the control of the spirits of departed warriors, and they are not willing to be considered enemies of the dead. Hence they never attempt to destroy the lightning by means of conductors, but they are very careful to keep their wigwams free from all appearance of enmity. Every thing, however, is secondary to suffering the lungs to be inflated with fresh air, and this should on all occasions until respiration shall be in some degree established.

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REMINISCENCES OF MY CHILDHOOD.

[Illegible] I remember
On a cot and made the
[Illegible] Bible Book
[Illegible] and my sweet sister
[Illegible] and my mother
[Illegible] and my father
[Illegible] and my brother
[Illegible] and my